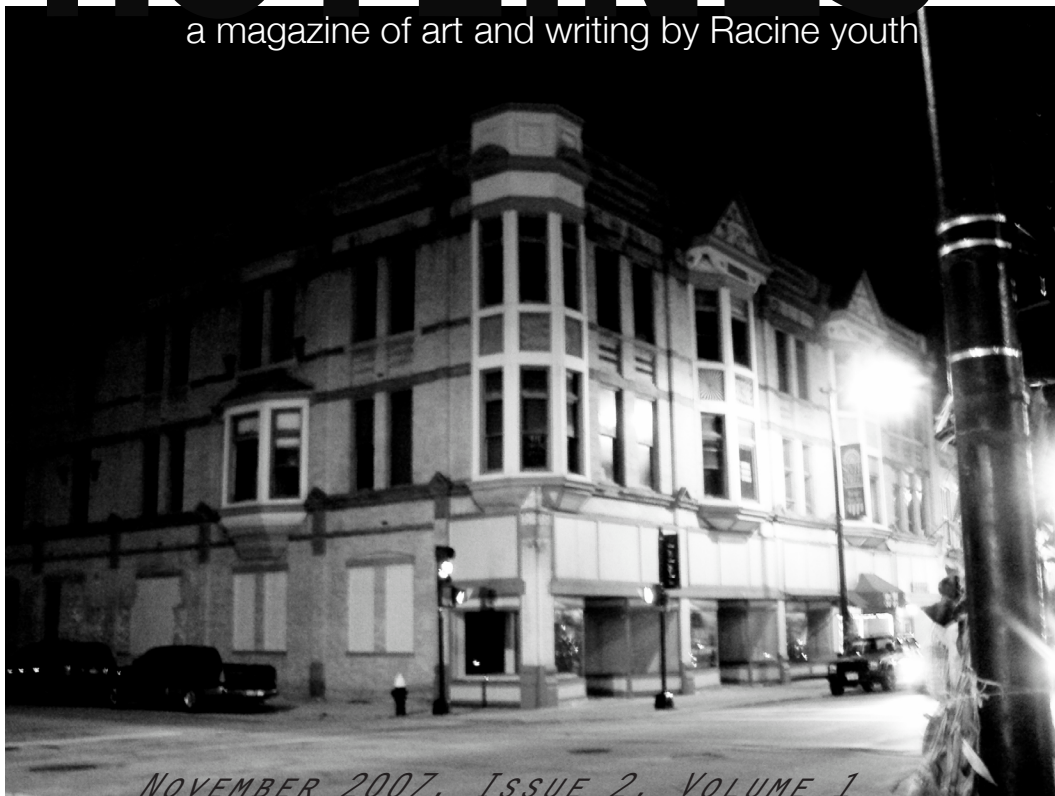


HOT LINES

a magazine of art and writing by Racine youth



NOVEMBER 2007, ISSUE 2, VOLUME 1





SUPPORT HOTLINES

**TAKE OUT AN AD!
CONTACT THE EDITORS
BY PHONE AT 262-909-2221**

OR EMAIL HOTLINES MAGAZINE@GMAIL.COM

1/2 PAGE = \$50

1/4 PAGE = \$30

1/8 PAGE = \$25

**CIRCULATION
FROM 2-500**

PUBLISHED MONTHLY





HOTLINES

a magazine of writing and art by racine youth

<i>Writing</i>	<i>Art</i>
Easy Nightmares p.1 <i>Sarah Willis</i> (Park High School)	Sin City Racine <i>Hotlines Staff</i>
4-5	5
Two Poems <i>Jonathan Wasik</i>	Bull/Dragon <i>Jonathan Wasik</i>
7	6
I, __(state your name)__, <i>Stephanie Brownell</i> (Horlick High School)	Traffic Hand <i>Hotlines Staff</i>
8	7
Semper Fidelis <i>Philip Carl Fluegge</i> (Park High School)	Untitled <i>Mikaela Benner</i> (Park High School)
10	9
The Yellow Rope <i>Stephanie Brownell</i> (Horlick High School)	Idle Fools <i>Alex Schlitz</i> (Case High School)
11-12	13-14
The Robot Game <i>Hotlines Staff</i>	Wheels <i>Hotlines Staff</i>
15	16
April 11th <i>Adrienne Maybin</i> (Oak Creek High School)	For Sale <i>Hotlines Staff</i>
17	16
Fantasy Lullaby <i>Sarah Willis</i> (Park High School)	Road Trip <i>Alex Schlitz</i> (Case High School)
18-19	21
Gone But Not Forgotten <i>Adrienne Maybin</i> (Oak Creek High School)	
20	
Why I Hate You <i>Selby Rodriguez</i> (Park High School)	
22	
Peace In Death <i>Taylor Hadley</i> (Park High School)	
23	
Escape <i>Sarah Nelson</i> (Park High School)	
24-25	





CINE-MATIC

FREE FILM SERIES



424 Main Street 6pm

November 7th Laurel and Hardy, Ben Turpin, The Keystone Kops, MORE



The Golden Age of Comedy

More of silent comedy's FUNNIEST
MOMENTS



November
14th
**Joe E.
Brown**



the most popular comedian of his time

The Gladiator

as funny as comedy can be

NO MOVIE

see you next week

November 28th
Charlie Chaplin
The Kid

Some call this one
his masterpiece



DON'T MISS
ONE OF THE
FINEST AND
MOST
HEARTWARMIN
G FILMS OF ALL
TIME



Hosted and curated by
author and film historian
James L. Neibaur
featuring films from his personal collection





EASY NIGHTMARES

-Sarah Willis

MORE

"I met him at night, with blood in his grin, and that's how this grim little tale shall begin..."

Good evening, I sincerely hope you are all doing well. My name... is Grave. Yes, quite a strange name, I agree. Trust me, I did not pick it. Though somewhat embarrassing to admit, I cannot truly remember my real name... such minor details hold little importance when you're... in my position. Let me clarify... I am an assistant and an assailant of death; I am a murderer, a thief, and a fiend! But not by choice, I assure you. My existence has become a tangled mess of decisions made for me and previously appointed tasks, almost all of which are unpleasant to say the least. Allow me to explain...

I was once a 'normal' boy of twenty years... Listless blue eyes, dark hair to my shoulders... I was a brooding young man, completely dedicated to my college education and secure position as an assistant, but soon-to-be-lawyer, at the L.A. Carter Law Firm. Why any of that mattered so much to me, I have little idea. I didn't really want to be a lawyer. I didn't dream of being one as a young boy. I doubt anyone did. Not unless they were mentally ill. I just did it because... well, it was a successful career, respectable and such. Now that I look at it, it makes little sense. What is success without enjoyment? What is respect from people you don't know or care about? It's quite a murky concept to base all of one's ambition on. In fact, looking back at my previous lifetime, nothing is really that clear. What I chose to do, the way I chose to live my life... I wasted it really. I was under the general human assumption that I would live to the ripe old age of eighty with little trouble. I should have known better from past experience. Yet I was never one to dwell on the past, thus I suppose I never really learned from it. So I allowed the task of 'securing my future' to suck out all the fun and natural splendor of my teenage years, like some sort of sick, gluttonous vampire. I had few friends outside the law firm, and the ones within weren't truly friends; they were simply co-worker companions, a cheap replica of friendship and nothing more. And my love life was, in a word, dead. Deader than the bare, bleached bones of a long lost fish in the middle of the sun-scorched Sahara desert. I downright refused romance in any form. I didn't date. I didn't flirt. I rarely came in contact with women other than those fake friend imposters at the firm. Oh, how I wish I had accepted those invitations, gone out, gotten drunk, joined a band, anything. Well, I guess I shouldn't go that far. I'm simply not a very exciting person, but I do wish I had been a little bit bolder.

Ah, well, like I said, I don't like to dwell on the past. Better just to move on, even if you don't really want to. And trust me, I don't.

You see, it all actually started thirteen years ago, at my first real home in this bleak little world we all scurry about. A candle left unattended decided it would take the liberty of setting my family's house ablaze.





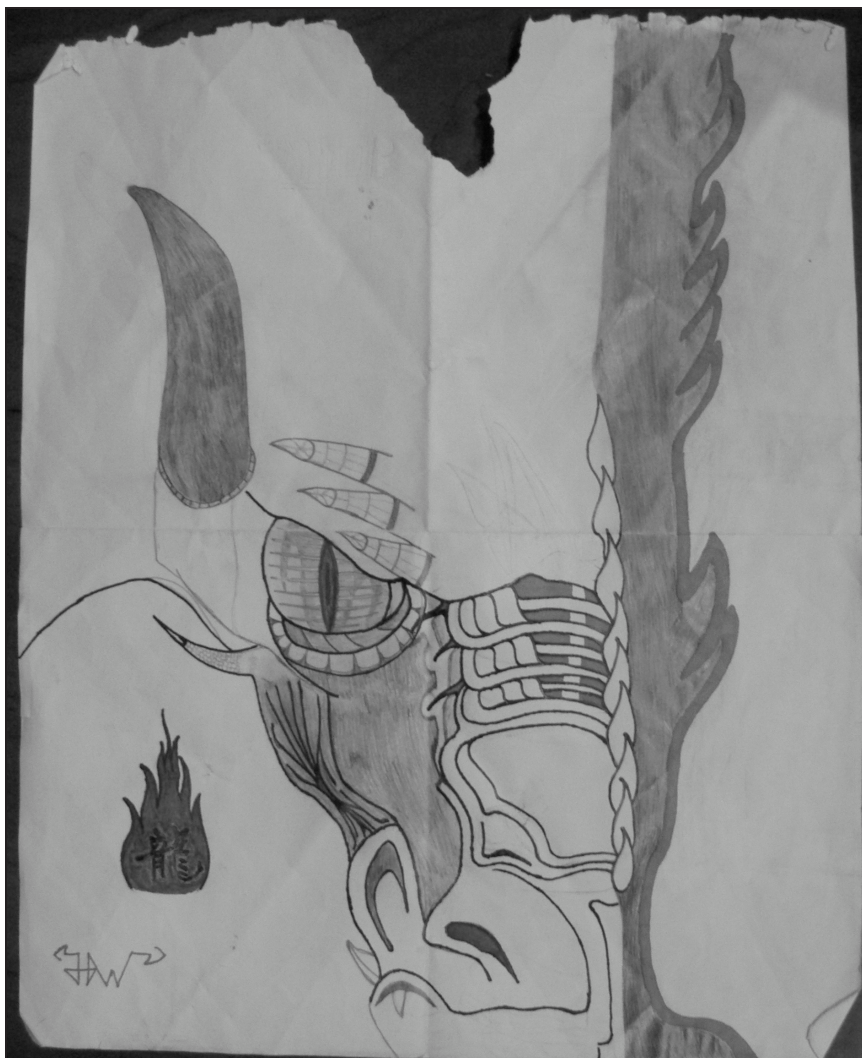
So I, like any stupid, horrified boy of seven, hid in my closet, door cracked, watching those hellish flames consume the ones I loved. I should have died. I should have dropped dead right then and there as the noxious black clouds of fatal smoke slowly filled my lungs; I should have been doomed. But, as you can probably guess, I was not.

A figure moved through the fire-ridden contents of my burning reality. Dark, completely and utterly dark, except for two fiery slits of eyes that burned brighter than the flames that harmlessly licked its sides. They just poured malice. It came towards me like a renegade and rebellious shadow, refusing to obey the laws of rational thought. Its fingers out-stretched, it reached out, arms seeming to go on endlessly. And I sat shivering, unmoving, paralyzed by my fear. Fear owned me. Icy fingertips, so sharp in contrast to the unimaginable heat of the inferno around me, met my forehead. A voice echoed inside my very skull. It simply said, "Your time will come." What it meant, I didn't know, nor did I truly care at this point. I just wanted it all to disappear, to simply go away.

Miraculously, and rather unexpectedly, it actually did. The shadow seemed to melt into the smoldering floorboards at my feet; then someone pressed mute and time leapt into fast forward. The house soundlessly burned down all around me with amazing speed, but I remained unharmed. No one could ever explain how I survived, and to this day I assumed I had simply imagined the whole affair. After all, stress on the mind can do funny things to a person. Yet lately, I'm beginning to doubt all that. This thought occurred to me roughly half an hour after my demise.

Oh, right, did I mention I was dead?





BULL/DRAGON

JONATHAN WASIK

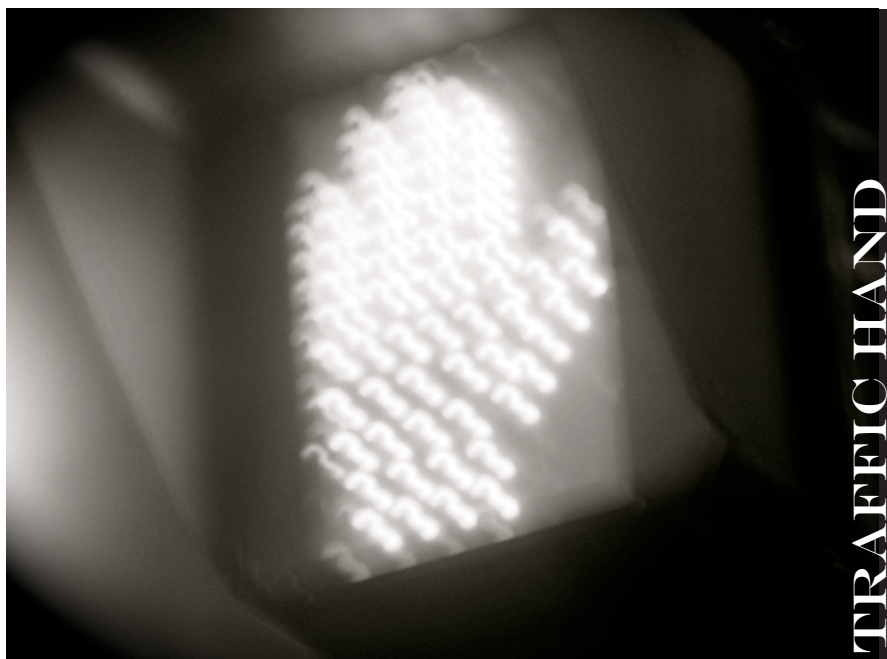




“Don’t adjust...”

Don’t adjust to the fold
Don’t change who you are
Just do what you do
And be who you are
And soon they will see
How unique you can be
That’s the way I will live
I’m just trying to be me

Jonathon Wasik
Two
POEMS



Jonathon Wasik
Two
POEMS

“Some people in life...”

Some people in life blossom early
And some do not blossom so soon
But for those who take longer than others
They define the phrase “when it rains it pours”
Because when they do blossom and it does rain
It pours and they look even more beautiful
Than the rest





I, ____ (STATE YOUR NAME) ____,

by Stephanie Brownell

I ____ (state your name) ____

Do solemnly swear

To always be kind

And always to care

To be head of my class

On the varsity sports team

I promise I'll fulfill

The American Dream

With great expectations

I solemnly swear

To be the prom queen

And have perfect hair

President of the Math Club

Student of the Year

To be the perfect daughter

And never shed a tear

Ivy-League school

Eat right, exercise

To be the best dressed

And to always be wise

The company president

To save the ozone layer

To be the perfect girlfriend

To someday become mayor

To be the perfect mother

To be the perfect wife

Solemnly I swear

To have the perfect life

With 2.1 kids

And a house in the city

Why is it I wonder

They see me with pity?



“Untitled” Mikaela



Benner





SEMPER FIDELIS ALWAYS FAITHFUL

by "An American Soldier"

Philip Carl Fluegge

I will be a US Marine.
On my comrades I will lean.
For them, even death, I have no fear,
We will be the US's shining spear.

But there are those who hate me.
There are those who speak ill of me.
I'll take up my rifle in their defense,
To help "pay back" some offense.

They will turn and try to ignore,
Even go as far as closing a door.
I will fight and may even die,
Only so that they may lie?

So, to them I dedicate my fights.
So that they may enjoy their rights.
And if it may be I die upon distant lands.
That this hate may fall out of hands.





THE YELLO

Stephanie Brownell

When I was young I had an oak tree in my backyard. It was taller than my daddy and too big for me to put my arms around. It was brown with crooked branches and leaves that fell each fall. From my oak tree hung a rope. It was yellow, twisted, and knotted tightly. It was stronger than my daddy and was old and worn with time. On the rope was tied a tire, too old to be of use for cars or tractors or anything but swinging. In it sat my daddy, with me held on his lap.

My sister hit the tree once, and she nearly broke her leg. After falling from our tire swing and crying for an hour, my sister came inside and helped me build a tower. We made it out of chairs and things and covered it with sheets. Our Barbies had fun playing in the pretty, tiny rooms. But after hours spent in this pursuit, I found that I was bored and decided to go out and play by my oak tree once more. I had tea upon the lawn with my many friends. And after we were through with that, we swung 'til we were sick. The tire held me safe inside as the world went spinning by. The rope kept me aloft and let me fly past horrid monsters in putrid seas. The tree was my kingdom in the cloud, a sanctuary never reached. And dinner came too soon that night while I played with my oak tree.

In summer it was lush and green and lent me shade for reading. In autumn, leaves would blanket the ground, and my daddy would make piles to play in. In winter, my oak tree stood and watched as we built our snowmen, always knowing just when to let go and when we needed help growing. In spring it burst to life again, threw off its snowy prison and showed us what it is to walk free of bond and chains. The gentle breeze would rustle the leaves. The rain would feed the roots. And all the while, there it stood guiding us home at night.

ROPE TOWER





LOW ROPE

The rope grew stiff from long disuse and used to moan when pushed. It hung in a sad, dreary way, yet never wanted love. We reminisced about the times we spent trusting in its strength. We wished it hadn't come to this, us being grown up now. But, after all, time does not stop and never will for no one. And since no one is who we are how can we ever ask for more? "We will come back", we promised ourselves, "when we are grown and important. We will come back to set you free and loose the bonds of age."

The tire tired of sitting there with no real reason for living, so it went to sleep, a dormant chair, among the waves of wind. It rocked slowly back and forth through all the seasons of the year. It hung its head and waited for fun which hadn't recently appeared. The spiders liked to make their webs inside its sheltering corpse. No, it was not dead, but barely alive, its whole life become winter.

Today I traveled back to home for my dear daddy's funeral. I visited the old oak tree, just for kicks and giggles. When I reached the plot of land, I saw the house had changed. The open spaces had been torn out and new houses crowded the land. The tree was nowhere to be found, not even a single leaf, until I saw the center of the turnaround for the driveways. There in the center stood a stump, protected from decay by a neat, well-fitting glass covering that made it into a bench. The tree had made the ugly houses and covered their gardens with mulch. The tire had been melted down and used to make new objects. My heart despaired at the thought of this, but soon I found my comfort. For in one tiny yard of one little house I chanced to see a swing. A shiny new tire made this swing and a walnut tree held it. The tire was made for just such a thing as swinging little children. The tree was tall, but not so grand and I could hug it with one arm. It wasn't perfect, I'll admit, but it was better than nothing. And then I saw it hanging there, the saving grace of life. The strong and sturdy yellow rope that caused a little girl to fly.

OTTEL ELL





Idle Fools





Alex Schlitz

14





the robot game

a collaboration by
the Hotlines Staff

When you fall it is as if you are clutching or even thrashing about helplessly, trying to summon the reward of stability.

“You escaped? I’m out on the workbench. Test that pushbutton telephone. Maybe we can hear All. You can shake back the robot game.”

“Escape the bathroom,” Dennis snarls over the break. Racing down behind sound, Dennis continues running, charging a dead-end.

Dennis wanders restlessly out, points, gestures and then shouts sounds to men. In the door, Max glares strangely. Police find Robots, suggest wedging several obvious frames as the second bark speaks the the empty room.

Advances, angry. Convincing cut finished.

“Suprise!”

You continue on as All stares dead.

“Sorry. Any better?” Looks uncertain.

Speaking spot something sees, yesterday, near the trench. Peering voices and robot parts fill the warehouse, large tables lurk beneath cabinetry.

Cautiously, we kept down the whispers. All machines look plastic and gray.

“Bert, you can’t glance closer,” they tell me. “You’re Russian!”





WHEELS



FOR SALE





April 11th
Adrienne Maybin

On April 11th
The brightest day of the year.
The scent of fresh flowers
Is carried by the tranquil breeze.
I first see them through the window.

The main window of the orphanage to be exact.
The couple.
They're perfect.
I lay on the mahogany floor
In my secret corner.
I guess it's not so secret,
I know she sees me when I feel the clicking of her heels by my leg.

She has a longing look in her eyes.
Eyes that have cried
Tears.
I know she will choose me
For she sees my hurt through my eyes.
She sees my story.

She will be my new mom
And her husband my new father.
They are signing papers now.
I know it's final,
And say my last goodbyes.

I am reluctant to leave this place -
For it is the only place I have ever known.
I smile to myself
When I see the couples joy
Their home will be my home
On April 11th





Fantasy Lullaby

Sarah Willis

Epitaph of warriors
The silent thief called death
Children raised in horror
And a wanderer's regret

Separation, Isolation
Demons in the dark
The father who kept fighting
And the boy without a heart

Curse upon the innocent
An end to all that's pure
Treachery, a girl's deceit
And no one can be sure

So far from reality
Betrayal sparks a war
Entangling the destinies
Of heroes not yet born

Perhaps you cannot see it
But I'm sure that it is there
The tragedy of others
Is a thickness in the air

Mixed emotions, long lost dreams
I can't escape my nightmare's screams

Twilight's sad and lonely song
It was playing all along
All my hope was spent in vain
And now it's driving me insane
Lost without you, I'm alone
The stray soul without a home
As the world passes me by
Now I sing my lullaby



The kindness of a soldier
Provokes a killer's wrath
Faults and blame, pride and shame
The man who can't look back

She gave him her heart and soul
But he shunned her away
A secret kept him prisoner
But why, he'd never say

So she carried on without him
Disregarding all advice
She wandered into danger
Met with fiery eyes of ice

But the darkest of her moments
Was a horror yet to be
The monsters in her nightmares
Came across a darkened sea

Uniting different forces
Preparing for the stand
Enemies turned allies
To protect a ruined land

She stood beside her loved ones
Feeling numb and unafraid
No one could foresee the price
A soldier soon would pay

Somewhere in the chaos
She almost lost it all
This is when the one she loved,
Would make his move and fall

Twilight's sad and lonely song
It was playing all along
All my hope was spent in vain
And now it's driving me insane
Lost without you, I'm alone
The stray girl without a home
As the world passes me by
Now I sing my lullaby

The moon still shines above us
The stars still smile down
The battle's finally over
She's taken back her crown

The killer stands beside her
The tears still stain his face
He's ready to take blame for
A past he can't erase

This time around, we'll do it right
Stay together through the night
And everything will be all right
A lullaby to end this fight



gone *but not forgotten*

by Adrienne Maybin

The jewel encrusted box would show beauty beyond compare. It would be swimming in diamonds, and bathing in pearls. When it is open you see a single piece of parchment with tear stains and eraser marks. The letter tells a tale of a weak infant who matured into a sickly child. Because her mother died during labor she was all her father had left and because of this he spent every moment with her. As the years passed the girl's condition worsened and she began feeling death breathing down her neck. In her last few days she became delusional and had visions of temples with great treasures inside. As night fell one day she told her father of one of the treasures inside of this temple, and as she told him about it he saw the light in her eyes that had not been there in years. He saw his little girl alive again for those few precious moments, and as she slipped into the lake of souls he felt his life leaving him also. Hours after the little girl's body was cold and dark and her father's eyes were swollen and drained of all their tears. He got up not knowing what to do with his pain, not knowing what to do with all his hurt. He started to build. He built for days on end, and built her the temple just as she described.

Inside he embedded the jewelry box remembering the light in her eyes and the life she once lived. He wrote a letter telling her story, and left it in the box. He left her picture too, and on it he wrote, "Gone but not forgotten."





ROAD TRIP



Alex Schlitz





Why I Hate You...

by Selby
Rodriguez

I hate you because you're never there.
And no matter how much you try,
I've always known
That you've never cared
All the things you've said to me
All the lies spilled forth
I hold onto,
Still hoping for some semblance of truth.
It's foolish.
Impractical.
Childish even.
...And yet, I still ache for your approval
Do you know how much it hurts?
Do you know how much it costs?
Do you know how it will never stop?
To know you're never there,
That you've never cared,
And that you never will.
And this,
This isn't even why I hate you.
I hate you most of all
Because I can't run away from you,
I'm of your blood
Of your image
And no matter where I go, I cannot escape.
Still though,
This is not why I truly hate you.
No, the reason why I hate you
Is all the more confusing.
The true reason why I hate you,
Is because,
Despite all this,
...I still care.





PeaceⁱⁿDeath

Taylor Hadley

Lifeless, dead eyes behind
which no soul lies
you've lost your hopes and dreams
no more peace of mind for you to seek

there is no life without death
you have finally found your eternal rest

As you walk towards the light
you think of those you left behind

no more tears to cry
in your sadness no longer resides
only bliss and happiness

you have finally found in death
what few found in life you finally have
your peace of mind



Sarah Nelson
Escape

I am alone
In the dark of the night
And even though I'm alone
It feels so right

Thoughts twist and turn
Inside my head
As I lay
Upon my bed

I cannot sleep
As much as I try
And as my thoughts become haunting
I begin to cry

These thoughts become menacing
As the night goes on
By now I am asleep
And it is now dawn

As I lay in the state
Of an uneasy sleep
And as the hole I'm in
becomes deep

I am then awakened
By the morning breeze
Coming through the window
Putting me at ease

 Escape Escape Escape Escape
11/7/07





I get up, get dressed
And walk out the door
Still feeling the haunting
Feelings in my core

I walk onto the grass
And collapse on the blades
As as I look into the sky
I start to fade

Into a world of my own creation
Where everything is on my side
And where there'd be no desire
To run and hide

I can feel the summer
Going through my hair
And as I'm gazing at what's around me
I have not one care

As dandelions float amongst the wind
My cares have gone with them
I start looking around
And pick up, by the stem

A flower whose color
Was as vibrant as its scent
And as I took a breath of fresh air
My last care went

I want to stay here forever
Never a worry or whim
However, this world suddenly died
As soon as I saw him.



Over 18 weekend afternoons, you'll learn how to make your own movies, including scripting, camerawork & editing.

Your life.

Your city.

Your vision.

Your future.

And it's free for qualifying youth.

You call the shots

Fall Session Starts September 8th -- Call or Email Today!

262-909-2221 or film.seed@gmail.com



FILMSEED

NURTURING CREATIVE YOUTH IN THE COMMUNITY

Thanks to our partners & sponsors:

Racine Arts Council

UW-Parkside Film Studies Program

Youth As Resources Racine County

SC Johnson Fund

Racine County Workforce Development

Professional Services Group, Inc.

Big Brothers & Big Sisters Racine



get up with the in-crowd
& get on the good foot
Wipe that silly grin
off your face
& get serious
about your words
your voice
your vision

read -- write -- react
put your poems in print
SLAM your stories into ink
Your revolution begins
the second
you say so
the moment
you make

HOTLINES

Editorial board meets every Tuesday, 6:30 - 8:30 pm
at the Racine Arts Council - 505 6th Street.

SEND US YOUR WORK SO WE CAN PUBLISH IT!
Email your poems, art, short stories, or any
other medium to hotlinesmagazine@gmail.com

Also check us out on Myspace at
www.myspace.com/hotlinesmagazine and on
Facebook under the name "Hotlines Racine."

